

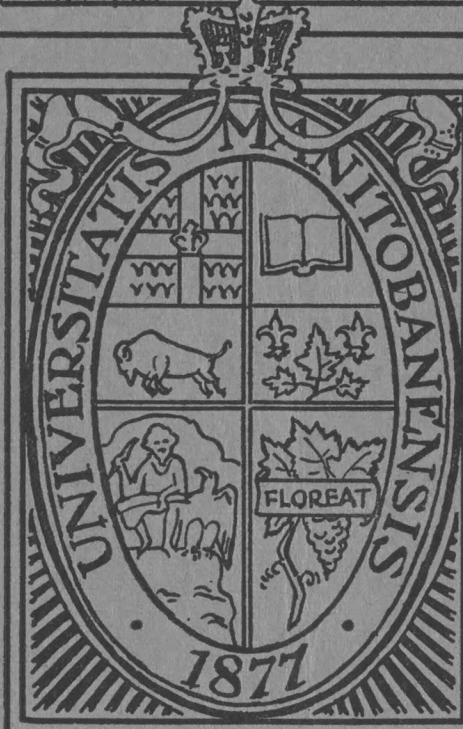
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Vol. I. No. 3

DEC. 3, 1914

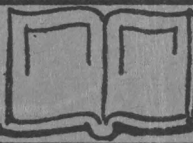
THE MANITOBAN

LITERATURE · ART · SCIENCE · STUDENT ACTIVITIES



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

SOCIETIES · SPORTS · NEWS · NOTES



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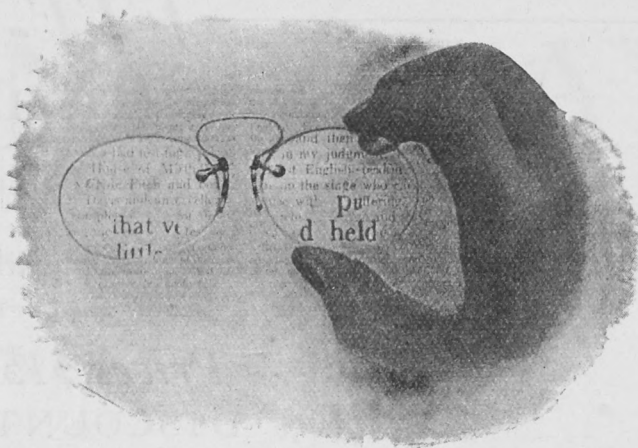
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THE MANITOBAN

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Vol. I.

Winnipeg, Thursday, December 3, 1914

No. 3

AT PRINCETON

By W. O. MULLIGAN

An historic university has a charm which is all its own; to attempt to define it proves it indefinable. The charm may consist in a few things or it may be the product of many—its situation, its buildings, its customs, its professoriate, its students, its history. In no two cases is the charm alike. "Yale breeds men" and "Men" are her boast. Harvard claims the monopoly of Culture, Culture with a big C, and common opinion has it that "you can always tell a Harvard man." Yes, you can; "but you cannot tell him much." Princeton is now the American Oxford in its system, but still boasts that she is the home of Democracy in the universities of her land. The old-time American gentleman, democratic, generous and cultured, is her ideal, and her aim is to send every graduate from her halls out into the world with such training and habits as will realize her ideals.

Princeton has an exceedingly beautiful situation, and the mind and hand of man have sought to add to its beauties. For the past few years all the buildings in connection with the university, except the science building, have been constructed on Oxford models. One tower, the Grover Cleveland, costing \$250,000, is an exact modern reproduction of the famous Magdalen tower at Oxford. Residences, lecture halls and libraries, all follow the patterns of the ancient models in England's famous university, with all modern improvements added to make one feel that he is nevertheless in America.

Students, after all, are more interested in students than in buildings. "What is the life like down there?" The Irishman's answer would be not at all amiss: "Pretty much the same as everywhere else, only different." They have their games, their lectures, their examinations, their "supps.," only they call them "conditions." Yet there are differences. These differences may be more apparent than real to the graduate from a small university poorly equipped with libraries and teaching facilities. Nevertheless they are real differences to him. He sees classes attended by hundreds of students when his previous experience was only of tens. He meets teachers of international reputation. Previously these men were only names to him.

Among Princeton's noted professors is Henry Van Dyke, author, poet, theologian and statesman. Prof. Van Dyke lectures on English literature. The writer attended his classes and was fairly amazed to find that a classroom built to seat 212 students rarely accommodated them all. The course he gave was for seniors

and graduates only and was elective. Often-times there was a row of visitors listening eagerly. Rarely did a lecture pass without some choice piece of criticism being received with applause. This was a revelation in college lectures. Too often had they been hours to be endured, and not without reason, though the fault was not in the subject. Lecturing one day on the poetry of Keats, Prof. Van Dyke seemed to be at his best. What a lecture! What an inspiration! Seven times was it interrupted with vigorous applause, and on its conclusion the applause was, as our parliamentary reporters would say, prolonged. Almost every sentence was a gem. New phrases were coined; amusing incidents of the poet's career related in a vivid style. Poor Keats was a living soul that day, though bound in the covers of a book. Not a little of Van Dyke's power as a lecturer comes from the fact that he is a splendid reader. A magnetic personality, kindly disposition and erudition in English, as those who get up his notes for examination know, complete the qualities that make him one of America's greatest teachers.

Like her sister universities Yale, Harvard and Columbia, Princeton arranges to have great thinkers, orators and statesmen come to lecture. During the winter of 1912-1913 Sir Henry Jones, head of the department of Philosophy at Glasgow University, gave a masterpiece of his on "Mind and Matter." Henri Bergson lectured on the leading ideas of his own philosophy. Rudolf Eucken drew a large crowd, as information authoritative was given that his lecture would be in English. In a quiet, unassuming way he spoke of the principles on which he built his philosophy, and pointed out the need for such a philosophy in these times. Lectures like these come for only an evening and are gone. But they seem to set men thinking along lines which the familiar textbook and professor could not do.

However, there are other factors in the university life besides lectures. There is sport in its many branches. Splendid gymnasias are found at all the big American universities, and many of them now make attendance at athletic classes obligatory. Baseball in the later spring and late autumn is very popular. So is tennis. Ice hockey is becoming immensely popular, but the difficulty at Princeton is getting ice, the season is so short. Rowing has its coterie of followers. American football is the most-talked-of game of all, and it is, in the writer's opinion, the biggest fake of

a game known. Its fame rests largely on newspaper renown, somewhat akin to the write-ups preceding the Johnson-Jeffries fight. The American game is neither spectacular nor really skilful. At the Princeton-Yale game, which ended a draw in points and was supposed to have been a very good game, only one really exciting play took place. The other 59 minutes of the game were taken up in watching the gambols of sixteen or eighteen anthropoid baby-elephants as they indulged in prolonged wrestling encounters. It is announced that Princeton intends to adopt a modification of the British rugby game. This is a move in the right direction. The smaller man if he has the nerve and stamina can get his place. In the American game he would not have even a look-in. The latest news now is that Yale and Harvard have requested McGill and Toronto men to go to New Haven and Cambridge and coach some of the American players in certain features of our own rugby game.

This reform in rugby leads one to the fact that the students of Uncle Sam's domain have at last realized that they can still learn something in athletics and other things as well. Is it not time in Manitoba that the students developed their own games instead of wasting time and energy in trying to imitate American students in everything?

Particularly is this so in debating. Time and again in the past has the writer been in agitations for debating reform in Manitoba University. A sojourn south of the international boundary for one trained in the old Manitoba debating methods would convince the most rabid agitator of the need of a reform—for the Americans. Debating! Ye gods! What things are done in its name! The subjects are picked by a committee so that the choice of sides will give little or no advantage. This committee is composed of professors and graduates. The whole work is outlined for the debater, who has really very little to do. Every thinkable argument against the chosen side is tabulated and an answer to it typewritten in due course. When the groundwork has been covered the speech is written and memorized. At the debate everything is mechanical, "wooden" and stilted. But think of the after effects on the men! There were several former intercollegiate debaters at Princeton Seminary in 1912-1913, and *not one* of them was of average ability in a rough and ready debate. Even a possessor of two medals was decidedly mediocre. The writer contends now from study and observation that training which compels a man to think and speak "on his feet" is the only one. The artificial methods, the debating veneers, can only spell defeat and disappointment. Stick to what Dakotans have always called "the Manitoba method." Even at Princeton many men have voiced their opinions for "naturalness" in debating. Why then talk of adopting what others would discard?

Why adopt the fraternity blight? It originates in cliques, then propagates them. The best men for many positions never get them if they do not belong to the dominating "flat" at the time. Snobbery abounds, and where unity of action is demanded the snobbery leads only to contention and discussion. Unprejudiced fraternity men are against the system. At Princeton it is

not allowed, although they have a "club" system not unlike it in some particulars. The "Union" system of the English and Scottish universities, which is the system at McGill and Dalhousie, is preferable by far. It means democracy in university life.

But there are many things worthy of our imitation. There is a large and growing number of men in Princeton who almost live in the library. (By the way, the library there opens at 9 a.m. and does not close till 9 or 10 p.m.) On two tables new books worthy of consideration are set out. Cards announce what their real import is. Every encouragement is given the student to read. The Oxford system of tutorial classes with its unending essays is now bearing fruit at Old Nassau. Her students are once more turning their steps to her libraries and reading, not for examination alone, but for their own benefit.

There is also a spirit of reverence for things national. Flag-waving we have looked upon as a peculiarly American habit. It has led to much abuse and has had a belittling effect on many things dear to the hearts of Americans. There now seems to be a disposition to have less flag-waving and more real respect for what the flag means. On the night of his election to the Presidency of the United States, the Princeton boys marched to the home of Woodrow Wilson. A band started "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Somehow, to British and Canadian ears the tune was strangely familiar, and instinctively the first few words of "God Save Our Gracious King, God Save—" slipped out, only to stop in admiration at the sight of every hat and cap off. Did you ever observe the behaviour of a Winnipeg crowd of students when the concert was over and the band played "God Save the King"?

Music receives great attention from the students. Singing is not left to the few or to the Glee Club. Every man who can make a noise is almost compelled to make one—a musical noise is preferred, but a noise somehow he must make. The humblest effort from the most unmusical is encouraged, and that curse of old Manitoba University musical efforts, the self-constituted music critic who killed many a singing career by inane remarks about "sawing wood" and "the radiator escaping," is unknown.

To those religiously inclined, there are many chances for hearing great ministers, such as J. H. Jowett, Dr. Patton, Dr. Matthews, Dr. Alexander, Dr. Robert Speer, Dr. J. R. Mott and many others. Winnipegers will be pleased to know that our Ralph Connor was about the most highly appreciated man of them all for the session 1912-1913. Dr. C. W. Gordon certainly excelled himself, and in the evening he accomplished the well-nigh impossible in Princeton of filling the church with a student-crowd.

When the term is over and men are gone—many of them to the ends of the earth—what memories remain? One of the most vivid is that of a suffragette parade, the march of "General" Rosalie Jones to Washington, and the address of an exceedingly pretty and very witty lady who was more than a match in wit and eloquence for any of the students. There is the memory of the courtesy of a man from Kentucky, a real

Southerner and one of nature's gentlemen; an appreciation of the real American as met in his home, in place of the detestation of the "American citizen"—blatant, bragging and bluffing—who unfortunately too frequently passes for an American; a quiet satisfaction that in Manitoba University, in our association football game, ice hockey and autumn track sports we have even better enjoyments than much-heralded games at great universities; a greater satisfaction in our debating system; the greatest satisfaction of all in the fact that the graduates of our prairie University have nothing to fear so far as scholastic attainments for a B.A. degree are concerned, from the graduates of Yale, Harvard or Princeton; and a feeling of regret that we do not often appreciate as we should many advantages we possess in the smaller university and are not as loyal as we might be to her. We have yet to learn what "culture" in our home life means. Our Canadian West has not given its due to the men who teach and write; and the quick disposition of textbooks, etc., after examinations makes one fear for the future. If our graduates do not care for books and reading, when will the people care? Have we not laid too much stress on "action"? Yes! We have much to learn from American universities. Let us not forget that we have even better things to learn from British universities. But let us also not forget that we have a thing or two they might learn from us. What are they?

ON NOTE-TAKING

When analysed from the viewpoint of method, the system of giving notes adopted by many teachers in our modern Universities must appear very unsatisfactory.

Every student in the higher years has attended lectures where, during the entire hour, he has copied notes at such a rate that he has mastered very little of the material, and besides has written so carelessly that his work is scarcely legible. Sometimes the notes are written on the board accompanied by the reading of them, and some explanation. The student, of course, is so busy copying, about half a dozen lines behind, that the explanation is mingled with the scratching of the chalk and is heard only subconsciously.

Under these conditions what real benefit can be derived from a lecture? That there is some cannot be denied; but the most fundamental principles in imparting knowledge, viz., the profitable use of time, thoroughness, and the personal influence of the teacher, are neglected.

This note-taking system might be upheld by two arguments, but they have not much weight. The first is that the lecturer is able to search out the cream of a subject and give it in the form of notes. This seems most commendable, but if the lecturer does not wish to follow a definite text why does he not have the notes he has prepared, typewritten and distributed amongst his students? Numerous errors which creep in when writing notes would thus be prevented; the difficulty of reading the notes when they are taken would be overcome and the many precious hours

wasted in the laborious process of writing would be saved. The student could prepare for each lecture beforehand and the time in class could be spent in real teaching, which would include review work, explanation of difficult sections and drill upon them, help in the difficulties of individual pupils, and assignment of work for the following lecture.

The second argument is that the note-giving method is an advanced one and thus suitable for advanced students. This would be all very well if the so-called advanced method were pedagogical; but what has been stated shows that it is certainly unpedagogical and therefore unsuitable for any students.

Since great emphasis is placed upon method in elementary teaching, surely considerable attention should be given to the way in which college students receive knowledge from their instructors. CONTRIBUTED.

EVENING CLASS IN ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN

In addition to the regular University course in Architecture, established last year, there is a partial course in design carried on in an evening class for the benefit of those employed in offices during the day,



and especially for the architects' assistants of this city who desire thus to increase their usefulness.

It is divided into three grades: for those who are doing projects in design; for those who are doing elementary problems in the application of the five classic "orders" and simple adjustments of architectural features; and for those who are learning the orders, shades and shadows, and brushwork. There are fifteen men and one young woman enrolled.

During the last season very creditable work was done, and during the summer even a project of a Customs House was completed by several of the members of this class, one elevation being reproduced above. The subject of the last design was a monumental to celebrate the completion of the hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States.



THE COLLEGE GIRL

ATHLETICS

INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS

The snow coming rather unexpectedly put a sudden stop to our intercollegiate tennis, but we have a few games to report:

Singles

Kelvin *vs.* 'Varsity; won by 'Varsity.
'Varsity *vs.* Kelvin; won by 'Varsity.

Doubles

Havergal *vs.* St. John's; won by St. John's.

INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL

Basketball is once more in full swing. So far we have played only two regular games, but hope to finish shortly. The line-ups have been as follows:

Fourth Year—Adelaide Anderson (captain), Maurine Robb, Evelyn Riley, Isabel McBeth, Jean Agar.

Third Year—J. Hendrickson (captain), Effie Beath, Emily Kelsie, Goldie Finesilver, Hazel Manwaring.

First Year—Marjorie Homer (captain), Elsie Henderson, E. Bulman, Pearl Driscoll, Hulda Aurthen.

The games stand as follows:

Fourth Year *vs.* Third Year; won by Fourth Year.

Third Year *vs.* First Year; won by First Year.

V.W.A. NOTES

The first regular meeting of the V.W.A. girls was held Friday evening from 4 until 6 in the Manitoba Convocation Hall. The President, Miss Solveig Thomas, dispensed her duties in a very able manner, aided by other senior girls who were putting on the program. These meetings will be continued after Christmas, and will be held the first and third Fridays of every month. The girls of each year will take their turn in providing the entertainment.

THE FOREIGN PAGEANT

Seldom has an audience the privilege of seeing the "natives" in their unique costumes of four different countries so vastly separated as Japan, India, China and South America. Yet this was what greeted the large audience assembled in the Y.M.C.A. Auditorium to see the Foreign Pageant as presented by the Y.W.C.A. girls.

Miss Elinor Mitchell, personifying "the Spirit of Womanhood," gave most beautifully the plaintive cry which rises daily from the women and children of these heathen lands.

The first sketch from China, represented by the Second Year girls, showed the Y.W. work along physical culture lines. The second scene, one from sultry

India, was ably put on by the girls of the Third Year. Here the work of the Y.W.C.A. was pictured as giving medical advice, and an effective rendering of "Jesus Loves Me," in Hindustani, by "Child Widows," added a vivid and realistic touch. The deft work of the Y.W.C.A. in South America, in answering emergency calls, locating delayed lovers, etc., was very effectively staged by the senior girls. Perhaps the prettiest sketch was that of the First Year girls, who successfully illustrated a Y.W. summer conference held in Japan.

The epilogue took the form of a circular tableau, the worthy President of the Y.W., Miss Blanche McGaffin, as "Association Spirit," being the central figure; while about her were grouped the various choristers in native dress.

Interest and intelligent apprehension of the whole pageant was stimulated by the synopsis of the various scenes as given by Miss Rodgers.

Much credit is due to Miss I. McBeth, who had the production in charge; also to the Misses E. Tapp, M. Rodgers, I. Thompson and M. Horner, who guided the practices of the various years.

Through the medium of *The Manitoban* the girls wish to express their appreciation and thanks to Mr. M. Sayer for his untiring efforts in assisting them in staging the pageant, and also to his "understudy," Mr. S. Helman.

CHRABS' "AT-HOME"

On Thursday, Nov. 12, at 5 o'clock, the Ladies' Parlor of Wesley College was the scene of a pleasant gathering, when the Chrabs entertained in honor of their coach, Mr. Gerald Bell. Miss Rowell ably presided at the tea table. A pleasant grate fire added to the cheerfulness of the room and furnished an opportunity to some of the young men to assist by manipulating the toasting fork. Among those present were Professor Argue and a number of others who had shown special interest in the work of the Chrabs, as well as the boys of 1913-14 Intercollegiate Basketball team.

FROM PARIS TO LONDON AFTER THE OUT-BREAK OF WAR

In our happy home in the Latin Quarter we were enjoying life in a fascinating city, delightedly seeing Paris in most interesting ways; but our last care-free evening there was Monday, July 27th. For us this was the occasion of a great festivity—our landlady, Madame F., was giving a dinner in our honor. It was a unique and pleasant affair, being a genuine French family dinner, which few foreigners in Paris have the opportunity of enjoying. Disquieting rumors of war were repeated by a French officer present, but we soon passed from there to the gay task of burning our fingers at flashlights.

The next day, on our return from the country home of some artist friends, there was excitement in Paris. At the American Club, a beautiful building where we had spent many happy hours, all was in commotion. After-dinner coffee lay untasted on the little tables in the lovely old garden, and excited girls spent the eve-

ning writing home for money. A Turkish coffee party that evening was our last festivity in Paris. The gaiety was frequently interrupted by hoarse cries of street paper-vendors—the general war now seemed a certainty. Even the Turkish ambassador had called in his men. All that night heavy wagons rattled through the streets, banishing sleep.

Next morning we visited the Canadian commissioner, who said there was no need of rushing away from Paris. Crowds had assembled at the newspaper and steamship offices, at the banks and the famous Bourse. The city seemed in a panic; paper money was already being refused at some cafés, and steamship companies could guarantee no sailings from European ports. The return of President Poincaré and M. Viviani and good news of negotiations for peace, steadied the people; yet there was a tenseness in the atmosphere—everybody was waiting. Two Americans visiting Bellevue one afternoon, told of stones thrown at them by street urchins crying "Anglais! Anglais!"

Certain precautionary measures were taken by the government. The Eiffel Tower, one of the great wireless stations of the world, was closed to the public and specially fortified. Madame, who had occasion to go to the Franco-German frontier, brought back vivid stories of "les soldats" who were guarding it. Towards the end of the week, however, the continuance of peace seemed assured and everything went on much as usual.

On Saturday, luggage-laden cabs hurrying through the streets, a cavalry regiment riding forth, and an unusually empty Louvre told us that something had happened. Happy crowds no longer strolled along the boulevards, and the picturesque little cafés with red-topped tables and blue wicker chairs had lost their air of perpetual gaiety. At dinner that night the pictures of the Queen of Hearts and her tarts adorning the walls of our favorite café seemed all at once out of place in this world of war—"War between France and Germany at midnight" was the sudden news.

Notices warning foreigners to leave France within twenty-four hours were posted at once—but only in a few places—and but for a timely visit to the American Club, where information had just been received from the consul, we should not have known. All night cheering crowds thronged the streets, bidding farewell to their soldiers, and the cafés did a roaring trade.

Omnibuses, street cars and cabs had all been taken for the transportation of soldiers, and early next morning we beheld Paris in an unusual Sunday calm, the heavy steel shutters down on many buildings. The war seemed horribly near, yet plenty of people thought it advisable to stay in Paris.

Train accommodation was limited, but hundreds of people fought their way into a little enclosure at the station and waited there for hours till the narrow gate to the platform was opened. How everyone escaped alive in the mad rush for that train is a mystery, but the English emerged with golf sticks intact.

At Dieppe, when the dock was roped off for the incoming boat, each person solved for himself the

problem of standing, suit-cases in hand, on almost no space. Long after due season one rope was lowered, and a mass of people and luggage was slowly pushed aboard by pressure from behind. During all this time the huge crowd inside the other rope stood quietly, and, not knowing when their boat would come, sportingly cheered us off. On the hills above the town the sentries continued their steady march.

A boat loaded to the brim and a mighty wind produced the kind of passage that made one small boy ask wistfully: "Daddy, are you going to die?," the sad answer being: "I'm afraid not."

A bedraggled quartette we looked and felt as we reached the Metropole hotel in London. Our trunks were in Paris, but we were in England, and for the time being nothing else mattered.

EVELYN O. ROWLAND.

BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

Miss Solveig Thomas, representing the students of the University, with the very able assistance of our President's wife, Mrs. J. A. Maclean, Mrs. F. W. Osborne and Mrs. Stoughton, has invested quite a large part of the money collected for the Belgian relief in suitable clothing. The rest of the money has been forwarded to the main fund at Montreal.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS

Miss Lois Logan, '13, is spending the first year of her Travelling Scholarship at Chicago.

The '17 girls regret the loss of one of their most loyal members, Miss Irene Thompson, who, owing to ill-health, has temporarily withdrawn from College. They hope that she may return fully recovered after her trip to the sunny south.

Dr. and Mrs. Heintzelmann were "at home" to the students of the Third and Fourth Years, German course, Saturday evening, Nov. 28, at their home, 16 Debary Apartments. The students enjoyed very fully the kindness of the Professor and his charming wife.

FROM AN '18

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That the '15s e'er were seen
In the guise of humble freshmen;
Surely this is but a dream!

They are thoughtful, they are earnest,
Sad and gloomy is their mien;
Surely it has never happened
That they once were fresh and green?

Even so, 'tis softly whispered—
And by those who seem to know—
That they were fresh as we are
Four—or five—short years ago;

That they were as gay and careless,
Bubbling with the joy of youth,
Till the weight of years descended,
And an avalanche of Truth.

ISABEL TURNBULL, *Arts*, '18.

THE MANITOBA

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EDITORIAL



*Up with
the Standard*

Some have characterized our football matches as lacking the old-time spice, the vigor, the vim or, technically speaking, the "pep" which is usually evinced when the side-lines are crowded and feeling runs high. It may seem deplorable, but it is inevitable. We also notice that of late, attendance at drill has fallen off considerably. This is much more deplorable, but just as inevitable.

The truth is that most of the students have settled down to their first "plug" of the academic year. We are safe in saying that at the end of the first two months at College, fifty per cent. of our men in the University were not in a position to discuss intelligently any one phase of their term's work, much less obtain a respectable mark on examination. College life has resolved itself into one whirl of social and literary events, of sports and athletics and of drill, followed by a season's plugging—a season of swallowing notes which have been prepared by the lecturer and copied during the lecture hours. This should not be—it was never intended to be—but the system of term examinations which prevails in a number of our Universities as it does in Manitoba, is, at least as it works out, not conducive to the production of well-balanced, well-trained men and women. Organizations and reorganizations incident to the changes in our University life during the past two years, may account in some measure for the prevalence of this tendency during the present term, but it seems that the principles which permit our undergraduates' spasmodic plugging are not those upon which the men who have achieved success have based their life's work. What do we get out of our four years at College? The more ambitious get medals and scholarships; others get merely their degrees in Arts and Science, all of which, in so far as they are pursued as ends in themselves, lose their real value. Some few realize the fundamentals on which the basis of true education rests. These are the minority.

What is the remedy? The 20 per cent. term work is a step in the right direction, but in many—too many—cases, it appears to be a mere farce. I speak advisedly

when I say a farce. The training of the examination is an excellent test, a splendid nerve tonic; it reveals the man in the crisis. Do away with these? No; decidedly no; but if 80 per cent. were given for term work and 20 per cent. for final examination, it is safe to say that our universities would turn out more efficient and better-trained graduates than they do, and that the percentage of nervous wrecks in our colleges would decrease to a negligible quantity. Growth is a process. Nature is a unit. Intellectual growth is gradual. Thinking, not plugging, is as necessary to the mind as exercise to the body. More and more it becomes apparent that only a standard which will demand of the student a certain efficiency for each week and each month of the year—a certain return to the state for the money invested in his education—can realize the true aim of a university.

Who demands this standard? An individual student conscience, for the keynote of university life is personal liberty. When this comes, and only when this comes, will the social, athletic and scholastic life of our colleges find their proper place in the training of the young men and women of our country for leadership in the moulding of a nation and the achievement of ultimate individual success.



Awake, awake, thou silver-worded
What We Muse, and touch the dumb, unused strings
Want of yon Engineer's silent harp, and let him
sing of wild adventures in the mountains,
on the prairie; let him tell us tales of wonder, of location and construction, or some weird yarn spun by cookee, rodman, stakeman, seated round the blazing campfire out on civilization's frontier! Inspire some student preacher to write of queer, strange happenings on the distant parish circuit! And the rural teacher; has he been so long silent about the thrilling hunting trip in the wilds of the far-off valley, and of the time he thrashed Wee Willie for "swiping" Tommy's ink-well? Thou hast done well, thou patron of the Brazen Medical Band, but among the secrets of a doctor's science there are many new discoveries of queer and powerful potions, of dread and direful toxins that would interest now and then even the untrained minds. Why hast thou been so loath to move the College Girl to write a chapter from her Dreamland, a story of romance, and people her airy stage with real live actors, if you will, who live happy forever afterwards? Come, come, thou inspirer of song and poetry, and let the pages of *The Manitoban* be flooded with tales of wonder and delight, of adventure and romance.



After an illness of two days, Lord
Lord Roberts Roberts died in France on Saturday,
Nov. 14, where he had gone to visit the
Indian troops, of whom he was the Colonel-in-Chief. At 80 years of age it is not to be wondered at that such a deadly disease as pneumonia should prove so soon fatal. Now the nation mourns his loss; the Empire pauses to do him honor. His brilliant career at home and abroad is first in our minds. It is the

lives of such men as "Bobs" that give the inspiration to the nation's youth, and earn the respect of the nation's age. Kind and sympathetic in disposition, he was idolized by his troops; yet he was a strict disciplinarian, an efficient organizer, and a masterful strategist. It is fine to be able to say that he was great, that he was noble, that he did heroic things; but how infinitely better to say that he was *loved*. Time alone will reveal and history record the greatness of Field Marshal Earl Roberts; but as we pause, our deep regret for his loss comes as a challenge to strive to build into our own characters those qualities of true Christian manhood which made him one of the finest types of soldier the world has ever produced.

He passed in the very battle smoke
Of the war that he had descried.
Three hundred miles of cannon spoke
When the master gunner died.

He passed to the very sound of the guns,
But before his eyes grew dim
He had seen the faces of the sons
Whose sires had served with him.

Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,
Flawless in faith and fame,
Whom neither ease nor honor moved
A hair's breadth from his aim.

R. KIPLING.

VISIT OF DR. BOWLES

Chancellor of Victoria College

There are few incidents in the life of Wesley College during the past month which students will recall with greater pleasure than the visit of Dr. Bowles, Chancellor of Victoria College, Toronto, and who was formerly pastor of Grace church in this city. A large number of students were present when he addressed the Probationers' Society on Friday afternoon. Dr. Bowles made a strong appeal for every man to enter whole-heartedly into the spirit of college life. This spirit was indefinable, but it stood for fair play, high honor, modesty, freedom from an overweening ambition. The concluding portions of his address dealt with the minister as preacher and pastor. The great need of the present day was for men who would preach the truth in terms of its power over men. This could only be accomplished by the minister living in the closest and most sympathetic relationship with his people.

On the following Sunday morning, Nov. 16, almost the whole student body was present at Grace church, when Dr. Bowles preached a sermon particularly appropriate to students. His discourse was based on the words "We know in part." The preacher began by saying that the attraction of these words lies in the fact that they contain a confession of human limitation, but whilst we felt compelled to make confession of our limitation there was a danger lest we should exaggerate it. Man had knowledge. He knew in part, and his pursuit in the search for knowledge had in many cases become an obsession. In conclusion, Dr. Bowles brought out very forcefully that to the man with faith and vision, despite his limitations, life

was infinitely rich in meaning. The distinctive element in man was his power to progress beyond what he is. We are not what we are so much as what we may be. The language of love is a prophecy of the days to be.

MEETINGS OF ST. JOHN'S THEOLOGS

It is impossible for reasons of space to do more than give a categorical list of speakers and subjects discussed before our Church Society.

Nov. 18th—Rev. R. B. McElheran gave us an address of preparation for Holy Communion, taking as his text St. Luke, xxii. 11.

Nov. 20th—Rev. H. W. Baldock addressed the Society on "The Christian Soldier." Ephesians vi. 10, 11.

Nov. 25th—The Warden gave us an inspiring address, primarily as preparation for Holy Communion, but giving the true keynote of real preparation for Advent—for "Christ's second coming." Taking as his subject Rom. xiii. 8, Dr. Robinson dwelt on the prime importance of "Love." Love to one another; love of the brethren; love of the Brotherhood.

On St. Andrew's Day (Nov. 30th) we have a celebration of Holy Communion at 7.15 a.m., followed by uninterrupted intercession for Foreign Missions. Each student leads the intercession for half an hour, and we close the day at 8 p.m. with evening prayer.

On Dec. 4th Rev. G. H. Broughall will address us at 6.20 p.m. on "Our Duty to the Foreign Population."

EVENING

Daylight is waning, the shadows are falling,

The sunset's bright glory illumines the west,
Tinting the crests of the hills and the far woods.

As ever, God's day at evening is best.

Far on the land in the still of the evening

The sheep-bells echo so softly their sound;
Here on the seashore the hush of the twilight

Contents me; sweet thoughts encompass me round.

Above, in the firmament, brilliant, unclouded,

The stars faintly shining illumine God's dome;
Before me, the seas, surging gently, retreating,

Are settling to slumber, pale-hooded with foam.

Out o'er the waters a silver path gleaming

Leads to the moon, shining brilliant and clear;
Now paling, now glowing, the path stretches upward,
My thoughts love to fancy—the Highway of Prayer.

Methinks that the prayers of the past day ascend it;
Prayers of petition, both urgent and low;

Prayers of thanksgiving for God's mercies given,
And praises burst forth from my lips here below.

"Fitting, dear God, o'er Thy moon's silv'ry pathway
That I to Thee breathe my evening prayer.

For Thy mercies bestowed, today do I thank Thee,
Myself, now and ever, commend to Thy care."

Whispering winds waft my prayer forth so gently,

Up the highway of silver leading bright to the moon;
A ship slowly passes, its lights shining dimly;

Far away in the distance comes the sea's lonely
croon.

CONTRIBUTED.



EXCHANGE AND REVIEW



SCHOOLROOM HUMOR

Physiology

The premises should be kept most unscrupulously clean.

Nutritious food is food without taste.

The stomach is a comical stack, situated just beneath the diagram and a little above the abominable cavity.

The organs of digestion are the stomach, the liver, the spleen, the utensils and the bowels *a, e, i, o, u* and sometimes *w* and *y*. Ex.

Composition

Shelley lived in the clouds and was struck by lightning.

He dropped dead and expired in a few minutes.

The primrose rears on high its shattered trunk.

Charon was a man who fried soles over the sticks. Ex.

Afar down the valley a lone ragman drove his chariot slowly, and chanted his plaintive lay. The wind moaned through the chimney-pots, the red sun looked dimly down through the smoke, and the little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Sadly the stray policeman in the gray distance swiped a banana from the cart of a passing Italian, and peeled it with a grimy hand. He was thinking, thinking. And the dead leaves still choked the tin spout above the rain barrel in the back yard.

The little bird stood on the roof of the cowshed and scratched its neck. Adown the gutters in the lonely streets ran murky puddles on their long, long journey to the distant sea. Borne on the wings of the sluggish breeze came a far-off murmur of vagrant dogs in fierce contention, making life a hollow mockery to some homeless cat. And amid it all the little bird stood on the cowshed and scratched its neck. And it softly said: "I scratch because it itches."

DE MORTUIS

Their meeting it was sudden,

Their meeting it was sad;

She sacrificed her sweet young life—

'Twas all the life she had.

She sleeps beneath the daisies fair;

In peace she's resting now.

Oh! there's always something doing

When a freight train meets a cow.

H. REVIEW.

IN THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE

A trapper, noting a place where roots had been dug up, examined the spot carefully. Then, as he arose and brushed the earth from his knees, he said with calm conviction: "This was done either by a wild hog or by a botanist." Ex.

Rev. Joseph Gravely (giving his views of the evils of card playing, during a pastoral call)—"As I was saying, I am in doubt——"

Parrot (interrupting eagerly)—"When you are in doubt, play trumps!"

And no member of the family has been able to account for the parrot's utterance to the satisfaction of the pastor.—London *Punch*.



Featured by Allan and Parker Opera Co.



SENIOR FOOTBALL

	P.	W.	T.	L.	Pts.
Agriculture	9	8	0	1	16
Medicals	10	7	1	2	15
'Varsity	8	5	1	2	11
St. John's	9	2	2	5	6
Law	7	2	0	5	4
Wesley	8	0	0	8	0

Results

Nov. 14th—

Agriculture 0, 'Varsity 2.

St. John's 1, Law 2.

Medicals 9, Wesley 1.

Nov. 18th—

'Varsity 2, Law 1.

Wesley 1, Agriculture 4.

Medicals 2, St. John's 1.

Nov. 21st—

St. John's 2, Wesley 1.

Agriculture 1, Law 0.

Medicals 2, 'Varsity 1.

Nov. 25th—

'Varsity 2, Wesley 0.

Agriculture 2, St. John's 1.

Law-Medical; defaulted to Medicals.

The football season is now practically over. The last lap in the race for the championship has been won by Agriculture. Medicals put up the best line of play they have done for years and were in the running till the last game. A very important game of the last fortnight was that in which 'Varsity was eliminated from the championship race by the Medicals. It was a fight to see which would stay in the running, and was only terminated by a penalty kick.

The other games created little interest except in the case of the Agriculture-Law game, in which both teams were scoreless until five minutes before time, but Agriculture succeeded in getting a counter in the remaining time. The last two games were played on wet, heavy grounds, making good football impossible.

Agriculture 5, Medicals 2

Manitoba College grounds was the scene of this most exciting and best attended game of the season,

in which Agriculture cinched the championship by defeating the Medical runners-up by a 5-2 score.

From the kick-off the Aggies took the offensive and Hopper and Boulton both secured goals. This half was Agriculture's, but the Sawbones showed a complete reversal of form after the rest, and Gemmell and Trimble scored, the latter on a penalty kick. Agriculture now began to show their true form, and Boulton, English and Hopper scored in quick succession. The play in the remaining time never left the Medical half.

Agriculture—Stevens; Irwin, Lothian; Burns, Green, Bryans; Boulton, Kennedy, English, Hopper, Bradford.

Medicals—Maguiness; Rutherford, McLean; Ritchie, Turner, Warner; Parker, Gemmell, Trimble, Backman, Williams.

Referee—Ritchie.

JUNIOR STANDING

	P.	W.	T.	L.	Pts.
Schools	4	4	0	0	8
Medicals	4	2	1	1	5
Engineers	4	2	1	1	5
Pharmacy	4	2	1	2	5
Agriculture	4	1	1	2	3
Wesley	4	1	1	2	3
'Varsity	4	0	2	2	2
St. John's	4	0	1	3	1

JUNIOR SERIES

['Varsity 3, Agriculture 3.

November 14 {Medicals 7, Pharmacy 0.

{Wesley 0, Engineers 11.

{Schools 10, St. John's 0.

As may be seen by the scores, these games, with the exception of the 'Varsity-Agriculture one, were all runaways, and for this reason very uninteresting. The winning team in each case outplayed and outclassed their opponents. The 'Varsity-Agriculture game was close and the score represents the play, but both teams missed many chances to score.

November 21 {Schools 1, Agriculture 0.

{Wesley 0, Pharmacy 0.

{Varsity 1, St. John's 1.

{Engineers 1, Medicals 1.

These games practically decided the championship, for while Medicals and Engineers were dividing points, Schools annexed 2 at the expense of the Agriculture boys. The other games were much more even than those of the previous Saturday and resulted in ties, with very little scoring on either side.

The Medical-Engineer encounter was interesting, as both teams were in the running for the championship. Good football was played by both teams, but after each had secured a tally, good defence work on the part of the Medicals saved their goal and poor shooting on the part of the Sawbones saved the Engineers' goal, so when time was called the points were very begrudgingly divided up.

November 28 {Schools 6, Pharmacy 0.

{Medicals 0, St. John's 0.

{Agriculture 2, Wesley 1.

{Varsity vs. Engineers; postponed

HOCKEY

The hard frosts have brought the hockeyists out of retirement, and soon the different teams will be getting down to practice, despite the closeness of exams. The annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Hockey Association has been held, and from the enthusiasm shown, hockey is bound to have a banner year. Correspondence is being carried on between Manitoba and Minnesota Universities with the view to staging an international game, and should it be found possible to carry out the plans this would no doubt help hockey in both institutions.

Many familiar faces will be missing from the different teams and many who are absent either left in the first contingent or will leave in the second, for the front. From Law have gone Garton, Dunfield and Adamson, all of whom played in last year's Law team. Bert. Andrews, who has been the mainstay of the Law team for several years, also has gone to the front. From last year's United team Paul and Merlin DuVal, both of whom will be greatly missed in hockey as well as in other circles of college life, left in the first contingent.

BASKETBALL

Another intercollegiate sport, Basketball, is now in full swing, although the regular series will not begin until the second term. The University has three senior teams entered in the Crowe Trophy competition, which is being put on by the Y.M.C.A. for the championship of Winnipeg. In former years our University teams have been very successful in this competition, and there is no doubt that they will be contenders for the cup this year. Results of games so far played are:

"U" A team defeated Old Timers, 31-27.

"U" B team lost to Grain Exchange, 19-25.

"U" C team defeated Dormitory C, 27-5.

SPORTLETS

Captain Bell has joined the St. John's injured list, but probably will be able to play in the remaining games.

We venture to say it wasn't Manager Sibbald's fault that Law defaulted to Medicals.

Pretty soft, Meds.

Out of the five points lost by 'Varsity, three were by penalty kicks.

Let's see if we can't get more rooters out to the hockey matches than so far have attended the football games.

The question now is, in the event of the Meds. winning the shield, what is going to happen to the city that night?

German Official—"You cannot stay in this country, sir."

Traveller—"Then, of course, I will leave it."

"Have you a permit to leave?"

"No, sir."

"Then I must tell you that you cannot go. I will give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you will do."

TATLER.

PHARMACY FOOTBALL

Now Pharmacy plays football;
They're in the Junior League.
They always play a first-class game
And never get fatigue.

There's Scotty back there in the goal;
He doesn't get a chance.
The ball is always up the field;
To keep warm, he has to dance.

One back is Percy Blakeman;
A sturdy chap is he,
And the goal that stands behind him
Our opponents never see.

And then there's Geordie Baker—
Another playing back;
When the ball comes his direction,
He can hit it quite a crack.

Bill Spratt is effervescent;
He plays anywhere at all.
If he'd use a little judgment,
He'd never lose the ball.

And Woodworth plays a dandy game.
He can chase that ball all over;
If I have anything to say,
In hockey he'll play rover.

We have that big fat Bateman;
We shall have to test his skill,
He has the weight for football,
If he only had the will.

Sanderson plays outside left;
Plays the game from A to Z,
Till someone bunts him in the chest;
Then he stops quite suddenly.

And Botting plays the outside right,
The sawed-off little runt,
Look out when he is near you,
'Cause he's heavy on the bunt.

We never have a rooter
To mingle in the throng;
Miss Angus, if she'd just come out,
Would help the boys along.

What's wrong with Agriculture?
They sure can play football;
But we simply had to beat them
Or else not play at all.

St. John's boys wouldn't play us;
They say: "It isn't right
That we should play with Pharmacy—
They'd beat us out of sight."

We played against the Medicals
In snow up to our knees;
But the score they had against us
Is private, if you please.

You'll think I'm quite poetical
When this little rhyme you hear;
It's all in the top storey;
There's something out of gear.

C.D.B.

EXILES

(A True Story from the Front)

Camton nestled peacefully in one of the most picturesque parts of Lanarkshire. Behind it the sheltering hill rose to a majestic height, overlooking the town below and the murky Clyde as it flowed listlessly onward in its sluggish course. The banks stood out in all their beauty, here and there shadowed with tall and stately oaks; here and there dotted with little, white-washed, thatched cottages standing out in bold relief against a sombre background. Smoke from the chimney tops curled slowly upwards towards the dark gray sky.

The little Scottish village had been pursuing the even tenor of its way since the Boer war. But at length its peace was violently disturbed. The ominous stillness of the nation had burst in terrific storm. War in all its horror had broken loose and was hurling from its infernal weapons destruction among the nations. The call had come for men—more men—to satiate its insatiable appetite, and Camton had not been behind in giving ungrudgingly of her loyal sons. The whole village was stirred to its depths as her gallant lads in khaki marched bravely off to the skirl of the pipes—many of them never to return.

Three months had passed away—weary months of strain and excitement, and the village people were about to pass through another and perhaps a more pathetic aspect of the war. Word had gone out that a large number of fugitive Belgians were to be quartered amongst the townfolk, and a public meeting had been called. There on the platform sat the parish church minister with the United Free church cleric, while to the right of the chairman sat the village priest. What a gathering! The “aristocracy” from the “hill,” side by side with the poor tenant from the east end; lawyer with mechanic; rich with poor. All differences had been forgotten, all barriers dissolved. The cold wintry night, with the wind moaning round the building, was in striking contrast to the warm enthusiasm that filled the hall. The Belgians—about one hundred of them—were welcomed by their new-found friends, and all were soon turning their steps homewards. What a sight! There were old mothers, young maidens, little children, and occasionally a tall, sallow-cheeked young man who had been rejected and who felt his position keenly, with bundles upon their backs—all exiles, strangers in a strange land, away from loved ones whom many would never see again, with a forlorn and faraway look that spoke of heartbreaking sorrow. British homes had been thrown open to these loved ones of the gallant Belgians, and warm Scotch hospitality awaited them in Camton.

Mary, the minister's daughter, was all aglow the next day, for a new inmate had come to the manse. A little five-year-old laddie, with rosy cheeks and blue eyes and fair hair had been the charge laid upon the minister. How sprightly he looked in his sailor suit! Mary's heart warmed to him. Had God after all sent him to fill the corner of her heart that yearned after her little brother Johnnie now dead some three years? Auguste, for that was his name, would romp around the little garden, full of interest in his new surroundings; but ever and anon a look of sadness would steal over his countenance, as he would think of someone whom he would never again see in this world. Mary understood, and then she would press him closer to her heart. His mother had met her death in that far-

distant Belgian town from a stray German bullet, while his father had nobly given his life for his country in the ranks. It all seemed like some terrible nightmare to little Auguste to lose all that was dear to his heart, and to be carried across the sea to some place he did not know. However, he was not alone. Were not some of his own friends in that company that took ship at Ostend? Other little boys, too, like him, were mingling in the crowd.

Oh, the crime of it! Driven from home, bereaved of loved ones, exiles in a strange land because they dared to maintain their honor, to assert their independence and to keep their pledge. The night of sorrow hangs heavily upon them, but the night is darkest before the dawn. A brighter and better day is about to break, when their wrongs shall be righted. Their affliction is not unmarked. “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren,” says our Master, “ye have done it unto Me.”

W. W. McP.

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

The appeal made on behalf of above fund has met with a generous response, and we have received about \$400 in cash besides bales of clothing of all sorts.

We were originally appealed to by the Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, to join with the student movement over in the Old Land. In spirit though not in actual fact we have done this. In reply we are writing that, owing to cost of transport, etc., we feel we should be unduly wasting money in sending goods to a particular address in England. However, we are grateful to the students in England for having asked us to join in so good a work, and we are handing our clothing and money to Mr. A. De Jardine, secretary of the Winnipeg branch of the Belgian Relief Fund.

The reason for this is easily explained. The Belgian fund here is being administered absolutely free of cost and all goods are carried to the sufferers without expense. By the time this appears in print all our contributions will have been handed in, and a full balance sheet of the moneys received will be published in the next issue of *The Manitoban*.

A suggestion has been made that a permanent Student Body Belgian Relief Committee be formed to co-operate with the Central Fund. It is proposed that one representative (lady or gentleman) from each college or department of study be appointed to that committee and that contributions in money or kind be collected and handed in each month.

A cable from G. S. Eddy, now conducting evangelistic meetings in China, states that in the seven cities already visited there was an average attendance of 3,000, with 7,000 inquirers. “Opportunities double last year,” concludes his message. N. A. STUDENT.

In a pamphlet issued by the McGill University Alumni Society on the war, the following soldier's message to his family is quoted:

“My only prayer is that I may be found worthy. Don't bother about asking for anything else but that; just the strength and courage to do one's duty and to do honor to one's country and one's corps. If I can do that, nothing else matters one jot.”

HINTS ON MEDICAL EXAMINATION

First note the attitude and bearing of your patient. This is necessary, as patients have been known to lose their bearings altogether under a physician's examination.

If the patient elects to stand up, tell him to sit down; if he chooses to sit, tell him to stand up. This is to accustom him to obeying your orders.

Carefully note the patient's weight, height and stance (note any leanings, political or religious). Ask him if he has ever been sick before, when and where; what each relative for two generations has died from and when; exclaiming Ah! and Aha! at intervals. Request him to put out his tongue and shake your head solemnly; put your ear to his chest and feign surprise and horror at what he thinks you hear there. All this is done to get the patient into a properly subdued state before commencing any physical examination.

Now ask him what is the matter with him. If he refuses to tell you or pretends not to know, you must use strategy and ingenuity to filch or surprise the information from him, or browbeat him into submissive confession. You may then proceed to treat him. Patients like to be treated. I have known patients who had been treated, to invite the physician across the street and treat him.

If the patient still refuses to tell what is wrong with him you must proceed to a physical examination. This is not, as some have supposed, conducted by the administration of physic, nor yet through a psychic medium.

Always commence by taking a patient's pulse; it may be all you will ever get from him. There are different methods; some prefer to take one pulse, some two. I have known lady patients come to a doctor repeatedly for treatment simply because he took both pulses, one in each hand. Some doctors prefer to keep their watch in one hand, but I prefer the other method, because one can then be sure of the safety of not only the watch but one's loose change as well.

Always be sure to place a thermometer or something in the patient's mouth (an ordinary glass rod will do), as this never fails to give the patient a feeling of his own importance which he is willing to pay for. If a female patient, examine the lips and eyelids. This is to see if the color is natural. Look at the patient's teeth to see if she is lying about her age. Have her put out her tongue so that she will be quiet while you are thinking.

The method of tapping, poking, pinching and punching a patient to make him confess what is wrong with him is much used, and is especially successful in submissive persons. The practitioner must use discretion in selecting this method, lest he employ it on a patient who may so far forget his illness as to retaliate.

Always take a sample of something from the patient to be analyzed. This rouses in him a remunerative curiosity and greatly adds to the seriousness of the case. A sample of sputum, a lock of hair, a little blood, or snip off a portion of any handy parts, the ear being especially useful for this.

Some doctors make a hobby of taking patients'

photos, which they call clinical pictures, and I have seen physicians' homes very tastefully decorated with these clinical pictures. But suitable frames are expensive for a beginner, and one can frequently persuade a patient to present you with the desired clinical picture. Nowadays X-ray pictures are being much boomed. For my part I cannot see anything in them, and I think the old style give much more artistic results.

Finally, gentlemen, "never believe a woman."

T. H. W.

NOTICE

We wish to advise our readers that free medical advice will be given through the columns of this paper in answer to inquiries from subscribers. State your symptoms clearly and without hesitation.

To Wee Wifie, Dyspeptic Daffodil and others. *Answer*—Warm mustard and water solution in copious doses, or a feather applied to the inner surface of the pharynx, would relieve that distressing "feeling of fullness after meals" your husband complains of.

Erring Jane. *Answer*—It is no use shaking the child, Jane, if you have forgotten to shake the bottle before use. I would suggest you shake yourself and wake up.

Materfamilias. *Answer*—We have not heard of any "epidemic of leprosy" in Fort Rouge. The patches of dead white skin on baby's body probably arose from placing the little fellow in a newly enamelled bath before the enamel was dry. *R Turps.* 3⁰. Apply externally and encourage the baby to slither downstairs, examining him at intervals.

Bitten Bill. *Answer*—Remove the dog with a hatchet and cauterize the place with a red hot iron.

Raucous Reginald. *Answer*—The Club doctor who examined you and said that "if he had a throat like yours he would cut it" was speaking unprofessionally. You were quite right to seek another opinion. Use soap applied freely in water.

Warrior. *Answer*—No; "Aqua Regia" is not the same thing as "King's Peg," which you consumed in India for forty-five years, and it cannot be procured at local refreshment bars. If, as you asseverate, your palate has lost its sensitiveness through mosquito bites and exposure to the night air, you may stimulate it by the use of: *R Oleo Croton, Capsicum, Fiat Tab.* *XII*. Place one occasionally on the back of the tongue and allow it to dissolve slowly. Should these fail, ignited fusee heads may be used as a last resource.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE

A writer tells how a little child once preached a wonderful sermon to him. "Is your father at home?" I asked a small child, on our village doctor's doorstep. "No," he said; "he's away."

"Where do you think I could find him?"

"Well," he replied, with a considering air; "you've got to look for him some place where people are sick, or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere."

—National Recorder.

THE MIDNIGHT FEAST

The sophomores began their fun
One lonely night in College.
Two chickens had they nicely done,
With pie, cakes, beer and knowledge.

In praise of farming Roblin "sung,"
Of country ever fair and young.
The council then in night-shirts come,
They rapped and paused a spell.
Right loudly then a voice replied:
"Will you kindly go to—bed."

"Two minutes more," MacPherson cried;
"They're holding me," said Sweet.
"We must be in, we will be in."
The rap grew loud and stronger
As, hastily clearing eats away,
We kept them out still longer.

The eats away, the door unlocked,
Enter, the residence king.
"Boys, boys, it's after twelve," he said;
"You must no longer sing."
The Theolog. in the room below
Has wakened from his slumber;
He heard a spoon fall on the floor,
And swears that he heard thunder.

Just then a new idea came:
We wished we had a band,
So took mouth-organs, sticks and tins,
Just as they came to hand,
And, marching proudly through the halls,
We sang "Long Live the King!"
And many other tuneful airs
Which none but we can sing.

As a final touch, at 1 a.m.
We went into the hall,
And the way that "Tipperary"
Shook the good old College wall
And floated, borne on wings of song,
To where men sought repose,
Brought a sudden cry of anger
That from James J. Savage rose.

As our vocal harmony died away
The "Iji" rent the air,
And when quiet was restored again
We faced the council there.
Voice after voice joined in the strife,
And malicious feelings sure were rife,
As they left us there with threats and howls,
Beware! Beware! Beware the Owls!

CRAWFORD, 2ND YEAR.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE GALICIANS

Up to the spring of this year, my knowledge of the Galician people consisted of the too-intimate contact of the crowded Selkirk avenue street car. The acquaintance was anything but pleasant, and was hardly conducive to a desire to know more of their habits and customs. Now, having spent five months

teaching in a district wholly Ruthenian, my impressions have changed entirely. Their hospitality and simplicity, religious superstitions, and ambitions with regard to education and financial success, have changed them, for me, from a crowd of ignorant, stupid human cattle to a people to be admired and loved; a people who need but little to make them the best of Canadians.

When I first went into a Galician home I was rather surprised to have every member of the household walk up to me and shake hands. This is a necessary form of greeting and, later, I enjoyed seeing boys of ten or eleven years of age walking up to each other and shaking hands. Our boys would likely consider a "Hello" sufficient.

The Galician women, besides their household labors, do a man's work in the fields; they are as good as the men in outdoor employment, and it is much easier to get along with them. The housekeeping suffers as a consequence of this, but the houses, with their thatched roofs and clay floors, are generally kept fairly clean and habitable. The outsides, by frequent application of the whitewash brush, have a fresh and inviting appearance.

Superstition plays a large part in the affairs of these people. One day I was discussing snakes with a Galician farmer, who told me how, "in mine country, Austria," a great snake had gone through the land, breathing out fire from its mouth, and leaving desolation behind it. Apparently he had full belief in the mythological dragon of ancient folklore. In religious affairs they are very strict. I know one threshing gang who refused to work one Monday because, although work was scarce, it was a day set apart in commemoration of the birth of Mary.

After the first week or so, the people could not do enough for the "Angleeski professor," who was "batching" at the school. It seemed to be thanks enough if I accepted their offerings—they looked for nothing more. To those of us who teach amongst these foreigners is given a magnificent opportunity. We can protect them from the dangers of a new country; we can put good ideals before them, and we may be able to mould their lives so that they shall soon become good citizens of the Empire. H. R.

MANITOBA LAW SCHOOL

Re Study of LL.B. Examinations

It cannot be too distinctly understood that the above question is entirely under the control of the Board of Studies of the University; the Law School has no directory authority, but its duties are entirely administrative, with certain delegated powers from the University and the Law Society respectively, according as the subject matter lies within the scope of the one body or the other. Therefore, in the absence of a direct ruling on any subject by either of these authorities, the Board of Trustees of the Law School will at most make a recommendation stating the opinion of the Board as to such subject.

In the case of students who have passed the First Intermediate examinations of the Law Society, it is presumed that the University would give standing equivalent to the First Year LL.B. But since the

Second Year curricula differ in each, it would appear that, though the lectures on some of the subjects are delivered jointly, yet the examinations will be written separately on each set of text books.

(Sgd) R. P. HILLS,
Recorder

LAW EXAMINATIONS

The Benchers of the Law Society have announced the results of the recent examinations, and they appeared in the Winnipeg papers on Nov. 27th. Twenty-three new barristers will be added to the roll in this province. The Law Society awards two prizes of \$50 and \$25 to the students ranking first and second, respectively, in the aggregate marks of Part II. Attorney and Call. The total number of marks possible is 900. The prizes are awarded as follows: G. A. E. Bury, 797; S. L. Goldstine, 708. Space forbids us to publish the entire list of successful students. However, we extend our congratulations to all and sundry. Below is found the honor list, in order of merit:

Call—G. A. E. Bury, R. M. Fisher, C. D. Bates, A. McBride, S. L. Goldstine, R. H. McQueen, E. W. McGreevy, A. C. Campbell, A. E. Neville, J. Fleming.

Attorney, Part II.—G. A. E. Bury, E. W. McGreevy, S. L. Goldstine, A. E. Neville, A. McBride.

Attorney, Part I.—R. M. Pearson, A. S. Baird, A. M. Shinbane, W. Gorsey, K. R. Kennedy, F. G. Thompson, C. I. A. Fripp, F. I. Simpson, A. L. Dysart.

Second Intermediate—A. G. Finkbeiner, E. N. McGirr.

First Intermediate—R. K. Elliott.

ECHO DU CERCLE PROVENCHER

Les Français ont appelé "année terrible" le temps de leur malheureuse lutte de 1870 avec les Allemands. Comment pourrions-nous exactement qualifier l'époque troublée d'aujourd'hui, témoins des luttes gigantesques que se livrent les grandes nations avec l'unique but, semble-t-il, de s'entre-détruire? Les soldats tombent par milliers sur presque tous les points de notre planète. Les chefs aussi disparaissent. Aujourd'hui c'est Lord Roberts, le vieux militaire anglais; hier c'était le Prince de l'Eglise; c'était le Père Général de la Compagnie de Jésus; c'était l'Archiduc Ferdinand d'Autriche; c'était encore le Comte Albert de Mun, le grand patriote français si regretté.

Arrêtons-nous sur ce dernier pour examiner un peu l'homme qui avait dévoué un culte complet à sa patrie. Et nous, jeunes gens de l'Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne-française, ayons toujours en vue l'idéal qu'il a noblement personnifié tout le temps de son admirable carrière.

Imitons en lui le polémiste ardent, l'homme d'action infatigable, le patriote et le chrétien qu'il fut toujours. Il avait rêvé une grande régénération sociale; pour cela, secondé par quelques hommes de sa trempe, il fonda les cercles catholiques; pour cela, il lutta sans cesse à la tribune parlementaire; pour cela encore il fut le promoteur inlassable d'un grand nombre d'œuvres patriotiques et catholiques. Voilà un mince aperçu de ce que fut le Comte Albert de Mun. Sa

vie devrait être étudiée à fond dans tous les cercles de l'Association; les membres auraient beau alors se proposer un modèle si parfait pour l'imiter.

Rappelons-nous les paroles d'encouragement qu'il adressait à notre Association (dont il était membre honoraire) en 1904. Et tâchons de marcher sur les traces de celui dont les actions nous ont dicté notre tâche!

UN MEMBRE DU CERCLE.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

The following letter from a foreign speaking pupil in a western school is another proof of the excellent English taught by our University Summer Supply Teachers:

Dobronoutz, Sask., Nov. 16, 1914

Mr. W. J. Jones, Manitoba University,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir,—Good-day, Teacher. Please tell me what you are doing there. I am sorry very that you left me. I am playing Snowball with Wasyl. Sophea is looking at the window and is laughing of us. The snow is big, about 3 feet high from the ground. I have fine little dog, his name is Jack. He is barking very lovely. I am half-past eleven next week. I carry haystacks every day, Wasyl cought the wood. I was over at the Dmytro doma (house) some days.

Good-bye.

TOM PASISZNICK.

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Around the Campus

COMING EVENTS

- Dec. 4—Varsity Parliament, Physics Theatre, at 3 p.m.
Wesley Students "At Home" to the Saskatchewan University Men in the Second Contingent.
Medical "At Home," Manitoba Hall, 8.30 p.m.
- Dec. 7—Popular Lecture on Greek Architecture, by Prof. Stoughton, in Physics Theatre, at 8.30 p.m.
- Dec. 9—Lectures close.
- Dec. 14—Examinations begin.
Popular Lecture on Roman Architecture, by Prof. Stoughton, in Physics Theatre, at 8.30 p.m.
- Dec. 18—Medical Banquet.
- Dec. 25—Christmas Day
- NOTE—Announcements must be in the hands of the Editor by the Saturday preceding publication.



'VARSITY NOTES

Heard in Ladies' Parlor—"Is Mr. Hillhouse such an old man?"

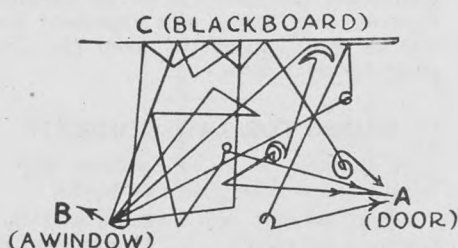
Theologue (translating Cicero)—*"Dum te stimulis fodimus"*—Until the spirit moves you."

Prof. Baker (to French class)—"How would it be if we sat together?" The ladies declined.

Prof. McLean (in class on Life Contingencies)—"Be careful to make the letter 'e' small or it will look like 'l'." F.F.Y.M.

Bill Ross, '18, has discovered a formula for transmuting silver nickels into brass. Congratulations, Bill. Some day you'll get the No-bell prize.

Dr. Kingston (to freshmen working binomial theorem on blackboard)—"There is no need for a moving picture machine to get a picture of you people. An ordinary camera would do."



Graphical representation of one of Prof. Menner's Shakespeare lectures.

Scale: $\square = 2$ sq. ft.

Query: Distance travelled in one hour.

The first class function of the "'17s'" was held on Saturday evening, Nov. 14, and was an indubitable success. Messrs. Roblin, Smith and Scott proved their eligibility for the Algebra scholarship awarded last Christmas; and Miss Ruth Rundle opposed the resolution that all young men should wear mustaches. She was supported by Mr. Fred. Barrett. The principal event of the evening was the presentation to Val. Schweitzer of an engraved signet ring in token of the respect and appreciation of his classmates. Mr. Schweitzer, who was class president, is leaving with the second contingent.

'VARSITY THEATRE NIGHT

Undoubtedly the most successful theatre night ever held by students in Winnipeg was that of Monday evening, Nov. 16, when the Varsity college students reserved the balcony circle at the Walker Theatre to hear DeWolf Hopper in "The Mikado." Between the acts Mr.

DeWolf Hopper gave a very clever and interesting speech welcoming the students, and his little hits on a few prominent members of the audience evoked much merriment and loud applause. Special songs were prepared and the College Yells completed a very pleasant evening at the theatre. Refreshments were served in Manitoba College Convocation Hall, and all voted that it was the "best night yet."

What about a University theatre night?

'VARSITY DEBATES

The inter-class series for the first term has now finished. We cannot boast of large audiences, but this has in no way impaired the quality of debate, which has in every case been of a high order. One welcome feature of the series has been the prominent part played by the co-eds, whose eloquence and persuasion again and again completely melted the hearts of even our most stern and impartial judges. We cannot speak too highly of the work of our critics—Prof. Osborne, Dr. Wilson and Mr. James Savage, B.A. We congratulate the Second Year on winning out in the series.

The following will represent us in the intercollegiate debates:

Brandon—Miss McMurray, A. Bronfman.

Law—Miss Rogers, W. E. Collins.

St. John's—W. Cuddy, W. Runions.

INTERCLASS DEBATES

1915

Jan. 13—Third Year vs. Fourth Year.

" 20—Fourth Year vs. Second Year.

" 27—Second Year vs. First Year.

Feb. 3—First Year vs. Third Year.

" 10—First Year vs. Fourth Year.

" 17—Second Year vs. Third Year.

WESLEY BRIEFS

A. Rose—"When I blush I always turn pale."

A. A. Carruthers and Wesley Williams expect to be in College after Christmas.

Wesley will enter two teams in intercollegiate hockey this year. Good luck to them!

Another Stage in Evolution. Dr. Allison, at prayers—"You must learn to face the spectres in your minds."

We are pleased to report that Bert. Howard is out of the hospital and progressing favorably towards recovery.

Dr. Elliott's insinuation that a lady's dress is a "holy show" caused consternation in the Third Year Philosophy class.

Alf. Whitehouse has a week off owing to an attack of la grippe. Careful nursing has now fully restored him to his place on the football team. It pays to have a good nurse.

Some young ladies are wondering whether Chick Childerhose really is going in for the ministry. Pat Carruthers certifies to Chick's inclination for piety.

It was like old times to hear Prof. Osborne criticize the orators at the contest the other night. The professor is an old friend and the boys appreciated it even when he gave them a drubbing.

It may surprise some to learn that the United College Students' Representative Council is still in existence. There are several little matters still outstanding, but the Council hopes to be able to wind up all the affairs of "the deceased" very shortly.

After spending several weeks in the hospital with diphtheria, H. W. Smith, '17, was released about a week ago, but almost immediately suffered from an attack of tonsillitis. He is recovering, however, and hopes to be able to take the Christmas exams.

Vox Wesleyana for November has made its appearance in a new cover of striking design by the staff artist, P. T. Dennis. The contents worthily maintain the high traditions of Wesley's popular magazine and reflect great credit on Editor H. D. Ranns and his staff.

There have been social doings in the Matriculation department lately. The seniors held high revel in the basement some time ago, and last week the Primary class also indulged in mirth and feasting. The turn of the Juniors comes this week and they threaten to eclipse all that ever went before.

On December 4 Wesley students will be at home to the students of Saskatchewan University who are in the city training before leaving for the war with the second contingent. A splendid program is being arranged by E. C. Evans and the Social Committee for the entertainment of the Saskatchewan boys.

A certain dairy lunch closed its doors the other day. The establishment opened up again for a few hours one evening. When the news got around the residence there was great excitement among the boys who held meal tickets. They determined to get their money's worth or die, and invited their friends to aid them in

the worthy cause. The establishment now appears to be closed permanently.

The annual oration contest was held Friday evening, Nov. 20. Four out of the six speeches had direct bearing on the war—a striking illustration of how completely the war dominates our thought. The awards were as follows: Gold medal—P. Webster, who spoke on "The Cardinal Significance of the Hour." Silver medal—E. C. Evans, the subject being "Lord Kitchener—a Character Sketch." Bronze medal—G. E. Holgate, who pleaded the justice of "The Case for Britain." All competitors are to be congratulated, and judging from the applause the judges' decision was that of the audience.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

The St. John's College Choral Society is now rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." There are vacancies for all parts. Singers interested and wishing to join should ask for an introduction from any member of the society.

A curious stillness envelopes the college halls just now. Conversation, of late fraught with inquiries as to some college function, now seems only to deal with "notes" and "books." The Christmas exams are bearing down on us with irresistible relentlessness.

Our "platoon" of the University Battalion is making great strides for efficiency. The march-out on the 19th revealed to us some weak spots and we are now devoting ourselves to the correction of these defects. We all feel that, in this time of imperial stress, even exam. work must come secondary to military training. *Mens sana in corpore sano* must ever be our motto, and if exam work and drill do occupy the greater part of our time we still send out our football teams, if not to victory at least to "play the game."

Finally, ever and anon—that is, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays—we hear the shout of "Basketball! All out!" and for an hour we watch with keen excitement the struggles of the opposing teams. We have an interesting tournament in progress, five teams competing: 1, Faculty; 2, School; 3, Day Boys; 4, Top Flat; 5, Bottom Flat.

MANITOBA COLLEGE NOTES

THEOLOGICAL SOCIAL

The Theological Club of Manitoba College held a successful social Friday evening. J. T. Gawthrop was in the chair. The program, ably arranged by Messrs. Hamill and Ferguson, consisted of songs, readings, speeches and promenades. Dr. Baird, acting principal, spoke of the change in college life since the teaching of Arts had been transferred to the University, and congratulated the club members on having the temerity to bring their lady friends to a social function.

Dr. Fleming spoke of the accusations laid against some members of the faculty a few days ago in the synod. He said he had considered the matter quite seriously. Dr. Baird was quite orthodox, Dr. Perry the same, himself likewise. He had concluded that he could only lay the blame for heterodoxy on the students themselves, and added that if he told the people half the opinions put down on

exam. papers he could make it hard for orthodox congregations to give calls.

Dr. Perry told of the grand opportunity which lay before the country minister.

When supper had been served the party returned to the Convocation Hall, and after the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem, J. S. Woodsworth closed with prayer.

'TOBA AND THE BELGIANS

'Toba Theologs have made a moderately warm response to the appeal of the Homeland Universities to their sister institutions in Canada for funds for the relief of the Belgians. Mr. Stewart reports having collected \$51.00 and a great deal of clothing. Though the effort is good it is by no means the best possible.

It is a duty to give what we can easily afford; it is our sacrifice to give what we can ill afford.

Theology has sustained a great loss in the withdrawal of Oscar Meckling. Oscar graduated in Arts last spring, and after a profitable summer teaching and preaching in Morse, Sask., returned to 'Toba in September and registered in First Year Theology. Mr. Meckling is a Manitoban of the highest type, coming from the now well-known village of Plum Coulee. He is to spend a few weeks at home and then he will leave for Saskatoon, where he will take a Normal course.

PHARMACY LOCALS

Old Joe is back on the water wagon. Bodle, our cartoonist, has lost his art. Why?

I wonder who this Mary is of whom Spratt speaks in his sleep.

Has anyone seen Miss Angus walking with her new military suit, or—

Fat has returned from the fair West with renewed energy. I wonder why?

A new drug (?) recently ordered in a city drug store: "Animated tincture of Queen Anne."

Blakeman rendered "first aid" by encircling the neck of an inebriate on Portage. It was force of habit, but it saved the man.

Oh! what it must mean to have a sister's loving care and thought in these trying days. Just to take you out for the benefit of your health, leaving away in the distance Fractionation, Cohobation, Ranunculaceae, Toenie Echinococcus. It is rather singular that these adorable sisters should choose the cool, balmy air of the evening in which to accompany their brothers in a quiet constitutional. It seems to me that they carry out to the letter the advice given in the first line of that old rhyme (slightly revised), the other three lines notwithstanding:

All Pharmacists love their sisters,
But I so good have grown
That I love other fellows' sisters
Far better than my own.
It is impossible for them to have the excuse that Mr. Wheeler has of teaching the tango. M.G.A.

Somebody at 219 Spence (waiting)—
"I wish he didn't have so far to walk."
(Her thoughts.)

Baker (in a hurry and on his way to 219 Spence is forced to take the square)

—"If the Council wouldn't ask me *why*, I'd ask for a new avenue to be put in here." (His thoughts.)

Student (in a stage whisper)—"I'm bleeding."

Another Student—"Perhaps it's hemorrhage of the brain."

ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE NOTES

ADVERTISEMENTS UNDER THIS HEADING
ONE CENT PER WORD.

For rent, by Arts students, top storey of a block (head).

For sale, by Lafleche, two crutches and one cane—cheap.

Wanted—A strong man, unmarried preferred, to straighten out Nap.

Lost, strayed or stolen from the College, on Nov. 25, eleven Third and Fourth Year men.

Lost, on Nov. 25, by Curran and Lequim, one only holiday out. Ample reward offered for return of same.

Wanted, by Joyal, more subscribers to *The Manitoban*. Hurry up, too! The poor kid is broke (and the next allowance comes only on the 15th).

There are boneheads. Kinzie broke a thumb proving it.

Wonder who was more scared, Gagne or the chicken? Lequim manages to get his chickens without killing them!

On Nov. 29 the Campion Literary Society held its final meeting for 1914. The principal item on the program was a debate: "Resolved, that Labor Unions, as existing today, are beneficial to the common welfare." Messrs. Collins and King upheld the negative against Messrs. Woodcock and Costigan, speakers for the affirmative. In closing the society for the term the President congratulated the members on the excellent showing they made, and expressed himself as most optimistic about the prospects for next term.

BRIEFS FOR LAW STUDENTS

J. Crepeau is on a business trip to Miami and will be gone two weeks.

About seventy law students and their friends have joined "A" Company of the 90th Regiment.

Sibbald says it is a draw between selling tickets for the banquet and getting subscriptions for *The Manitoban*.

We would advise Cl-r-nce B-ig-t to take an extra axle for his automobile the next time he goes to Portage la Prairie.

One of the lady students entertained a few of the first year at her home on Nov. 14. The evening was spent in the form of a debate, and all report having a good time. Probably with the advent of lady students—there are five now—our moribund social society will revive and bring the students into closer touch with each other.

ENGINEERING NOTES

Dr. Armes (to the accompaniment of the bagpipes)—"I hate to have the horrors of war so close to home."

It is said that as a matter of fact Prof. Brydone-Jack has been somewhat under the circumstances for a number of days.

If lectures are continued up to Dec. 23 as provided for by the Board of

Studies, the Third and Fourth Year Engineers will have to write their exams. Sunday evenings.

Harry Jones and W. H. Richardson, two members of the '14 class, left Nov. 5 for Ottawa with the Engineering corps from Winnipeg.

It appears that some ardent recruits have mistaken the University of Manitoba for the barracks.

There was a man named Wooton,
Who went with the 13th a-shootin',
And was seen by a German,
Who cried: "Got hilp Hermon,
He's as tall as der hills, by ga-hutin'."

MEDICAL NOTES

Moose!! Chimmy!!

Why not adopt the Ferguson posture?
"Chesapeake" put up a Good game of handball in the series.

We hear Moose has been on a restricted diet at times lately.

Black still declares the Russian army is in a deplorable state of inefficiency.

The burning embryological question with Muggsy is, Does it float or can it swim?

Did you see the moustache and Katz-enjammer?

Some may come and some may go,
But Katz sticks round forever.

The first of a series of talks to curlers will be delivered by the Chaplain shortly

on the subject, "It's a wrong stone that has no turning."

Diagnosis is not always easy, says Sam Roden. And the reason he guessed wrong was because it was a Miss. Score a hit next time!

'18 defeated '17 in a handball series last week and are now looking for other worlds to conquer. '16 should be able to return them to earth.

Professor—"Why don't you pay attention to what's being said?"

G. W.—"I was just thinking."

Professor—"What with?"



Something we may expect to see any day after 11 a.m.

Did P. K. F. get the best of that sulphurous argument at the 'Varsity-Med. game? Well, I guess!

"Happy thought," said T. R. B.

Dr. Graham Wilson treated a section of the Fifth Year to an extended clinic at St. Boniface hospital last Saturday. He seems to be making quite a hit in St. Boniface; probably it is his sisterly appearance.

Dr. Ross Mitchell leads an interesting mission study class on "Conditions in

Asia," Sunday afternoons, 4 to 5, at Vaughan Street Y.M.C.A. You are cordially invited to attend.

Fred. B. says he could write a prescription all right if he knew what to put in it.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

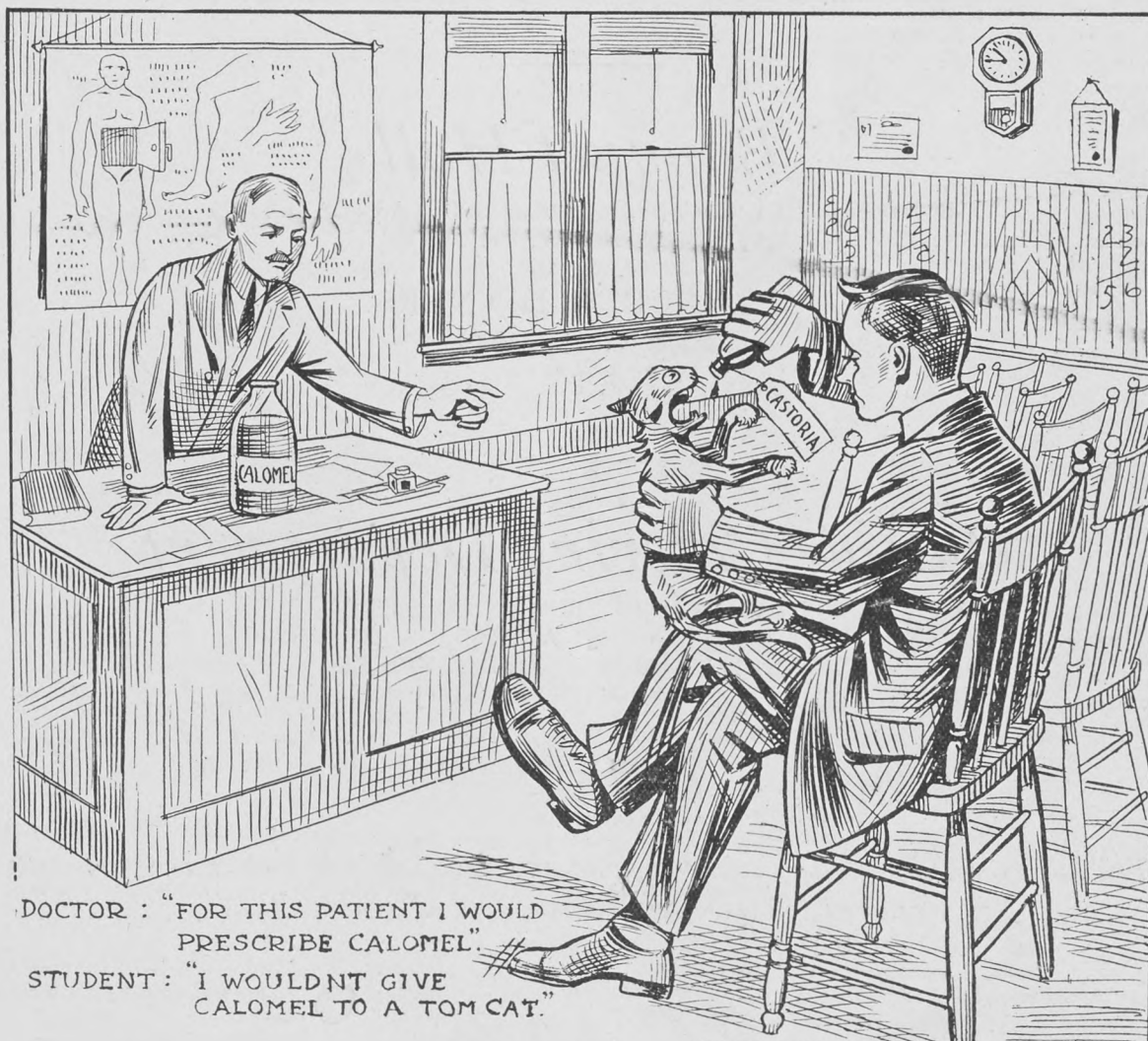
Professors Vincent and Cameron entertained the senior class in Physiology at a smoker concert in the physiological department of the University, Thursday evening, Nov. 26. The heads of this department enjoy the reputation of being excellent entertainers, and worthily sustained that reputation on this occasion.

The idea is an admirable one, and serves to promote between professors and students a bond of friendship that is not attained by ordinary class routine. The students were pleased to discover traits in many of the professors present which they had not supposed existed. As one student, remembering previous encounters, remarked: "They are really not bad fellows, after all."

Features of the program were a most excellent solo by Mrs. Vincent, and the presentation of the Iron Cross to Professor Allan.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The article printed in last issue entitled "A Medical Outing," is an exchange from *Queen's*. The omission arose through a misunderstanding with reference to the amount of the article to be used, all being printed when only part was intended.



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Tune—"Mandalay."

Our 'Varsity has come to see
De Wolf Hopper and his Company,
And we hope you'll all delighted be,
When you see us from the stage.
We'll give our yells and we'll sing our songs
And we hope you'll like it—that's why
Our 'Varsity has come to see
You do the Japanee.

Tune—"Old Black Joe."

Gone are the days when my purse was full, I say;
Gone are the pennies from my pocket-book away;
Hard was my lot, but I'm happy now, I know;
I hear dramatic voices whisper, "Sure some show."

Chorus:

We're happy; we're happy;
Though our purse is awful low,
We hear dramatic voices saying—
"Sure some show."

Tune—"Tipperary."

Up before the bill-boards came a college boy one day;
The opera ads. were glaring at all who passed that way,
Showing caste of De Wolf Hopper, at the Walker square,
Till Roderick got excited, and he shouted then and there—

Chorus:

It's a long green to see Wolf Hopper,
It's a long green, I know;
It's a long green to see Wolf Hopper,
But it surely is some show.
Good-bye, dear old college,
Farewell, books and care;
It's a long, long green to see Wolf Hopper,
But I'll be right there!

Roderick made a motion in the college parliament,
Said, "We'll see Wolf Hopper if it takes our last red cent;
If it takes our last red cent
~~If we are~~ wrong in going, college friends," said he,
"Remember it's the bills which lie, don't lay the blame on me."

Roderick thought the girls should go and sit all in a group;
Verner choked and coughed so hard we thought he had the croup;

So if they're here ~~it~~ *by* two ~~and~~ two—as is the case, you see—
Remember Clarke got up and said, "That plan does not suit me."

Chorus—It's a long green, etc.

Up before the barracks came a stalwart boy one day,
The recruits were signing up and everyone was gay,
Singing songs of dear old England, France and Belgium square,
Till Paul D. got excited and he shouted then and there—

Chorus:

It's a long way to dear old England,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to dear old England,
To the motherland, I know.
Goodbye, dear old college, farewell books and care;
It's a long, long way to dear old England,
But I'll be right there.

Mike's father wrote a letter to his boy, who meant to go,
Saying, "England wants you, and it's up to you; and so
Leave the college and the books, show by a well-aimed gun
That those who strike at England must reckon with her son."

Chorus. *hall*

Schweitzer wrote a letter to his little mother; *Oh*
Said, "I'm going to the war—thought I'd write and let you know;

So If I am wrong in going, mother dear," said he,
"Remember it's the Kaiser's fault—don't lay the blame on me."

Chorus.

Nelson sent a letter to the man who runs the show;
He said, "If England needs me, I'm ready, and I'll go,
I'll leave my future all behind and help the best I can,
For Germany, to conquer us, must kill us to a man."

Chorus.